

## THE HOLLOW WOOD

Out in the sun the goldfinch flits  
Along the thistle-tops ,flits and twits  
Above the hollow wood  
Where birds swim like fish -  
Fish that laugh and shriek -  
To and fro , far below  
In the pale hollow wood .

Lichen , ivy , and moss  
keep evergreen the trees  
That stand half-flayed and dying ,  
And the dead trees on their knees  
In dog's-mercury , ivy , and moss :  
And the bright twit of the goldfinch drops  
Down there as he flits on thistle-tops .